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HENRY AND ACASTO:

A

MORAL TALE.

By the Rev. BRIAN HILL, A.M.

Late of Queen's College, Oxford;
And Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Leven.

With a PREFACE by Sir RICHARD HILL, Bart.

— — — — Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis! — VIRG.

L O N D O N:

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HENRY AND ACASTO:

MORRIS TALE

By the Rev. BRIAN HILL, A.M.

First of Great Britain, Oxford:
And Chapter of the Right Hon. the Lord of Lincoln

With a Preface by Sir Richard Hill, Bart.

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P R E F A C E.

IT may perhaps be thought, that partiality towards a brother, or want of judgment in myself, incline me to think more highly of the following poem than I ought to do, when I declare

II P R E F A C E.

clare that I don't remember ever to have met with any thing more pleasing in the kind. There is something so interesting in the story itself, so delicate in the sentiment, and so affectionate in the narration, that I am persuaded it will not be read by many without awakening the most tender and refined sensations, and, I trust, not without much improvement also.

To the religious mind it will be a farther recommendation to the poem, that it points out true christianity as the only thing

P R E F A C E. iii

thing worth aiming at in life, and which can afford solid support in the hour of death; and if it tend in any measure to correct the vitiated taste of the day for compositions of a dangerous and licentious nature, I shall be the more satisfied with the resolution I came to of making it public.

If there be some strong expressions in favor of virtue, they must be understood of that virtue only which is the fruit of faith, agreeable to the apostle's exhortation, *add to your faith*
virtue * :

iv P R E F A C E.

*virtue**: for it is fully evident by the striking manner in which the author paints the struggles between nature and grace in young Henry's mind, that whilst he (the author) acknowledges the intire depravity of all the children of Adam, he is convinced of the absolute inefficacy of the united powers of reason, science, and even of the most refined lessons on the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice, to change and convert the heart independent of the influences of the divine Spirit.

* 2 Pet. i. 5.

I now

P R E F A C E. v

I now beg leave to add, that the author of the poem was totally ignorant of it's being sent abroad into the world. It was by mere accident that I first got a transient sight of it, and not till after repeated requests that I obtained a copy of it; and had I then intimated the most distant wish of printing it, (particularly with his name annexed,) I know that his great humility and diffidence would never have permitted him to let me have it in my possession: but as I feel conscious, that, whilst I render a service to the public, I do him no discredit, I venture to send it out in it's native simplicity.

vi P R E F A C E.

By what I have lately heard the author drop on the subject, I have reason to believe that he meditates a second part, or rather another canto, which will bring the poem down to the death of ACASTO, and contain the remaining part of the history of HENRY ;^a but when that will be finished, or whether it will ever be compleated at all, I take not upon me to determine. As to the lines which follow, they were chiefly composed in some solitary strolls which the author frequently took among some pleasingly wild scenes, not unlike those with a description of which the poem begins ; but it was not till within
these

P R E F A C E. vii

these few weeks that I saw a single word of the performance.

I had some intentions of prefixing an introductory argument to the work ; but as the versification is not of that sort as to want continual explanatory notes, in order to come at the author's meaning, (a circumstance not very unfrequent in poetry,) and as a prosaic argument would only tend to anticipate what is to follow, and to prevent it's striking the mind with that degree of force which it might do when the story is suffered to unfold itself

viii P R E F A C E.

in the narration, I thought it better not to forestal the reader's judgment by any thing of the kind.

RICHARD HILL.

HARLEY-STREET,
June 1, 1786.

HENRY

HENRY AND ACASTO:

A MORAL TALE.

WHERE nature's scenes in wild confusion lie,
And cloud-capt mountains strike th' astonish'd eye;
Where bulging rocks their lofty summits show,
Whilst roaring torrents from their caverns flow,
And swift descending in unceasing foam
Glide thro' the dale to reach their briny home;

Where

Where forests vast their varied shade combine,
Here th' aged oak, and there the spiral pine;
Where the dark yew impends the chasm deep,
And gentler birches o'er the fountains weep,
Whilst many a mossy fragment, steep'd in dew,
Meets the bright ray, and glistens to the view:
Midst scenes so grand a lonely vale is found
Where softer beauties deck the turfy ground;
Where banks reclining show their flow'ry side,
And peaceful cattle from the tempest hide.
Here good Acasto from the world had fled,
Wean'd from it's pleasures, to it's follies dead;
From error's paths he cautiously withdrew,
And still more godlike as in years he grew;

While

Whilst all his actions heav'nly wisdom show'd,
Unnumber'd graces in his bosom glow'd;
There love divine, the first of all the train,
And placid peace, their fix'd abode maintain;
There meekness, patience, gentleness and joy,
And faith and hope, and deep humility.
No longer now among the youths he shone,
No longer now the prize of glory won;
Nor rais'd as erst by mighty deeds his fame,
When manly vigor strung his nervous frame.
Full oft had Phoebus run his yearly way,
Since first Acasto hail'd the light of day.
The mark of time his furrow'd visage show'd,
And snowy locks adown his shoulders flow'd.

But

While

But tho' grave wisdom's characters he bore,
 No rigid sternness on his aspect wore.
 Not for himself this lone retreat he chose,
 Of cares divest his remnant hours to lose,
 To sink in leisure's soft lethargic arms,
 And fall a victim to her soothing charms,
 Far nobler motives sway'd his gen'rous breast,
 And still to act the busy part he press'd.
 From the vain world he led a gentle youth,
 Here to direct him in the paths of truth *;
 Instructive lessons to his soul impart,
 Ere subtle vice had won his easy heart.

Fast by a rock that from the mountain stood,
 Whose tufty sides were fring'd with brushy wood,

* *Inter sylvas Academi querere verum.*

A MORAL TALE.

13

Which half conceal'd the dewy drop that fell
With silent trickle to the crystal well,
A rustic cottage, rais'd by artist mean,
In sweet simplicity of style was seen.
No grand pilasters rose in stately pride,
No labor'd cornice grac'd its humble side;
No sculptor's hand had wrought th' upolish'd stone,
Within it's walls no gilded cielings shone.
Close at the threshold fragrant woodbines grew,
And o'er it's sides luxuriant branches threw,
Whilst twisted ivy to the door-posts clung,
And from the roof in glossy curtains hung.
Small was the line that o'er th' uneven ground,
In form unheeded, mark'd it's utmost bound.

'Twas

Which

'Twas here Acasto and his lovely boy
Securely liv'd in innocence and joy.

Nine times had spring the face of nature clear'd,
As oft had summer's gaudy train appear'd,

Nine times Autumn spread her golden store,

And icy fields stern winter's garment wore,

Since pious Anna felt a mother's throes,

And the first light on Henry's head arose;

When heav'n, all wise, th' afflictive mandate spoke,

And friends surviving felt the fatal stroke;

That stroke which Henry of his fire bereft,

And the sweet child an helpless orphan left.

Then did Acasto mark him for his own,

Wept o'er the smiling babe, and cried "My son!"

An happy lot the tender infant found,
Midst friends for worth and piety renown'd;
Friends that might watch his early steps, and show
Th' unbeaten path in which a child should go*.
Betimes his lisping tongue was taught to frame
With rev'rend awe his great Creator's name;
His knees before th' eternal throne to bend,
And seek the blessings that a God could send.
Well did Acasto all his tempers spy,
Trace ev'ry virtue, and each vice descry;
Deep was he skill'd in learning's sacred page,
His words were weighty, and his counsels sage.
Young Henry listen'd with attentive ear,
And, won by love or aw'd by filial fear,

Felt

* Prov. xxli. 6.

✱ HENRY AND ACASTO;

Felt all his lessons in his inmost soul,
His passions soften and his will controul.
Ne'er was the youth to study's drudge confin'd,
No tedious precepts pall'd his tender mind;
But charm'd th' instructor's pleasing tale he caught,
And while he learnt the more to learn he sought.
Soon as Aurora's smiling face was seen
And silver-spangles deck'd the daisy'd green;
Soon as the larks their early song begun,
And thousand cobwebs floated in the sun;
The twain would leave their humble roof and stray
O'er Shepherds tracks their careless winding way,
To quaff fresh breezes of the purest air,
And the rich bounties of creation share;

Whilst

A MORAL TALE.

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“Whilst many a moral wife Acasto drew
From each surrounding object in their view.
(As the foul foul with dunghill vapors gleams,
And poison slips e’en from ecclestial streams,
The virtuous mind improves from all it meets,
And wisdom’s honey culls from nature’s sweets!)
Thus would he mark some aged tree that stood
The pristine monarch of the mighty wood,
It’s rugged arms with foliage thinly spread,
And bow’d by wintry storms it’s batter’d head:
See there, my child, the sage instructor cried,
How short a space the firmest things abide!
That stem, by time’s relentless hand defac’d,
For many a year it’s native soil has grac’d

B

Unnum-

Unnumber'd children round the father rose,
And barren soil extended woodland grows;
They flourish now, but soon themselves shall know
That vig'rous strength must yield to age's blow.
'Tis thus with man — now health his frame sustains,
Whilst youthful ardor in his bosom reigns;
But time attends, soon bows his hoary head,
And lays him prostrate with the conquer'd dead:
A race succeeds, no longer space is given,
They fall obedient to the will of heaven.
Then prize not that which soon shall be decay'd,
Nor court the grandeur which must quickly fade.
Or see yon' flow'r, which feels the genial ray,
And opes it's bosom to the beam of day,

A MORAL TALE.

Lends of it's fragrance to the passing gale,
That gently wafts it thro' the balmy vale,
Shrinks at the evening blast, and, ere the night
Flies from the arrows of returning light,
In shrivel'd form now kifs the humid ground,
And scarce it's traces in the morn are found.

Such may my Henry be; he lives to-day
Young, active, healthy, vigorous, and gay;
But ere the car of yon' declining sun
Shall from the gilded east once more have run,
His beating pulse may cease, life's vapor fly,
And pallid Henry like that flow'et lie.

Say then, my child, should soon the summons come,
To call thy soul to it's eternal home,

20 HENRY AND ACASTO:

Couldst thou undaunted stand the shock, nor dread

The gloomy mansions of the grave to tread?

Would no sad presage of a judgment hour

In awful terrors o'er thy conscience low'r?

Well dost thou know with what paternal care

For that dread day I charg'd thee to prepare;

Show'd thee the chart that leads to Sion's land,

Precisely mark'd by God's unerring hand.

That way pursue by inspiration's side,

Nor let vain fancy's meteor be thy guide:

By fancy led, advent'rous Adam fell,

And bow'd subjection to the prince of hell.

His race corrupted in his footsteps trod;

They fancied wisdom, and they stray'd from God.

"I am

A MORAL TALE.

"*I am the way*," th' almighty Savior cries *;

By thee I go, the faithful soul replies.

'Tis thine my guilty soul from sin to save,

And make thy ransom'd triumph o'er the grave.

By thee I mount the glorious realms above,

To chaunt the praises of redeeming love.

Tell me, my much-lov'd boy, are such thy views,

Or what the prize thy lab'ring soul pursues?

Prevent Acasto's fears that Henry's mind

To earth's vain joys alone should be confin'd.

Thus truth in many a pleasing garb array'd

The good instructor to his child convey'd:

Henry attentive heard, and whilst he spoke,

Conviction warm thro' all his soul awoke;

Reason enthron'd did all her right maintain,
And stubborn self confess'd her high domain.
Now counsels past their former weight acquir'd,
And strong resolves his yielding bosom fir'd.
But these, alas! just as the meteor's gleam
Pours forth its bright but momentary stream,
Strike on th' affections and commotion raise;
But soon extinguish'd is the *crackling blaze*,
Quench'd by the streams which flow from pleasure's spring,
And frothy trifles in their courses bring.

Acasto patient, still to teach intent,
O'er happier times with pleasing foresight bent,
Saw heav'n-born virtue, deck'd with native charms,
Receive his Henry with extended arms;

Saw

Saw vice unmask'd, her hideous aspect shown,
Her dev'lish wiles, her dire enchantments known,
Despis'd, abhorr'd, with all her hellish train
Dragg'd to the mansions of eternal pain.
Still crafty vice in lurking ambush lay
To seize in fatal hour th' unwary prey;
Whilst virtue watchful stood, and gently strove
By soft persuasives to engage his love.
Vain the contention—the degen'rate mind,
By sad propensity to vice inclin'd,
Full oft the brittle cords of science broke,
And snapp'd the feebler twigs of reason's yoke.
The seeds of inbred sin, awhile conceal'd,
Warm'd by temptation's sun, began to yield

24. HENRY AND ACASIO:

Their copious fruits, whence baneful odors shed,
Fatal contagion all around them spread.

But good Acasio, who at wisdom's gate

Would oft in frame devout a suppliant wait*,

And taste communion sweet, whilst love divine

Did o'er his soul with rays refulgent shine,

Implor'd ah' Almighty by his pow'r to break

The barren soil of Henry's heart; then speak

Fertility, and make *the fallow'd ground* †,

By show'rs of grace, in heav'nly fruits abound.

Once as the twain their wonted rambles took

In careless roving by the pebbly brook,

The sweets collecting that of fairest hue

In rich profusion on it's margin grew.

With

* Prov. viii. 34. † Jer. iv. 3. Hos. x. 12.

A MORAL TALE.

15

With nice distinction of botanic art

Minutely viewing each component part,

The fleecy tribe, by blithsome shepherds led,

Around them fearless on the verdure fed :

The sportive lambkin, from it's mother stray'd,

It's fellows found, and thousand gambols play'd :

The bleating dam, with tend'rest care oppress'd,

Recall'd her darling to the milky breast ;

Her darling heard and frisk'd with bounding pace

To taste on bended knee the warm solace.

The pleasing scene the youth's attention drew,

And strong amazement on his features grew :

Unmov'd he stood, in deep reflection lost,

With anxious thought his lab'ring bosom tost.

The

The flow'rs no more his grasping hand adorn,
But drop neglected on the grassy lawn;
Some sighs escap'd; at length he silence broke,
And thus inquiring to Acasto spoke:
 Whence does it come, my kind protector, own;
Maternal care was ne'er to Henry known?
Each lambkin vies with fond delight to prove
The soft endearments of a mother's love:
Thoughtless they feed beneath her watchful eye,
Nor fear they danger e'en when danger's nigh.
So the sweet thrush, that sits on yonder spray,
And charms my ears with her melodious lay,
Oft have I seen her downy nestlings brood,
And wing her way to seek their distant food;

But quick returning with far nobler store
Than richest ship which sails from India's shore,
An insect p'rhaps or worm, the trophy spoil
Of all her warlike feats and busy toil,
With beaks all ope her half-fledg'd young ones soon
Receive with chirps of joy the captive boon.

So too the boys, that from the village come,
And oft in parties thro' our valley roam,
Will speak with transport of a mother's care,
And hasten back her tend'rest love to share.
Ah! why am I of such delights bereft?
To sooth my childhood why no mother left?
Could I in infancy neglected live,
Or would not heav'n the needful blessing give?

Says

But

Say, gen'rous fire, for thou wilt not disdain
Such myst'ries great to Henry's mind t' explain.

Mov'd was Acasto's soul; in deepest thought
Aghast he stood; for painful mem'ry brought
Past sorrows back, and forc'd the tear to start
That spoke the feelings of a wounded heart;
Yet soon his force resum'd, he silence broke
And thus to eager-looking Henry spoke:

Know, my dear child, since thou canst wisely glean
Instruction sweet from yon' expressive scene,
Know heav'n's mysterious ways, and patient wait
Whilst I from times remote my tale relate.

Blest was the season of my youthful years,
By cares unclouded, unappall'd by fears:

A MORAL TALE.

29

My quiet breast no piercing sorrows tore,
No keen affliction sway despotic bore.
All was serene. These hands by busy toil
The fruits collected of my fertile soil;
And tho' no bags o'erflow'd with golden ore,
Yet was my table grac'd with plenteous store.
Kind heav'n was pleas'd a partner fair to send,
A dear companion and a faithful friend;
In her all virtues met, and tho' in vain
We seek perfection in this world to gain,
In her no spot appear'd, but richly giv'n
Was ev'ry grace, and "*in her eye was heav'n.*"
One lovely babe engag'd our anxious care,
Whose weal we daily sought in social pray'r:

Beneath

Beneath a mother's watchful eye she grew,
And shining virtues from her precepts drew.
As time roll'd on we saw fair Anna rise
In matchless worth to crown our earthly joys.
Such was our lot, 'mid sweets domestic fix'd,
Nor seem'd with human woes our portion mix'd.
No change I fought; when, ah! my chaf'ning God
To me directed his afflicting rod.
My dear Selina—(scarce that name I speak,
But tears afresh bedew my aged check)—
My dear Selina droop'd beneath the pow'r
Of pale disease; to her in welcom'd hour
Death aim'd his blow, and gave the kind release
From sin and pain, and brought eternal peace.

Ne'er

A MORAL TALE.

30

Ne'er shall my soul forget her look serene,

My noblest solace in that awful scene :

Then with a smile she bid the world adieu,

Clos'd her fix'd eyes, and to her Savior flew.

Her fate I mourn not, but I mourn her loss;

The first my comfort, and the last my cross.

Much did my Anna feel, and vainly tried

With study'd care her struggling grief to hide ;

Loud spoke the heaving sob, the stifled sigh ;

The tear, that trembled in her crystal'd eye,

Trac'd it's lone source from quick sensation's bed,

And wid'ning rose by springs of sorrow fed,

Burst it's fair banks by one o'erflowing swell,

Swept her sweet cheek, and on her bosom fell,

Till,

Till, drown'd in floods, around my neck she flung

Her snowy arms, and on Acasto hung.

I can no more----Time's hand at length assuag'd

The troub'lous storm that in our bosoms rag'd.

Composure mild, from heav'n inspir'd, arose

In sweet succession to our keener woes.

Anna her blooming prime had scarce attain'd,

When thus on me the weighty charge remain'd.

Mov'd by the love which tender parents feel,

A thousand fears my tranquil hours would steal;

Fears lest my child in sin's dark maze should stray,

Tread pleasure's path, and miss *the narrow way* *.

Ere long I saw a num'rous crowd attend;

At Anna's feet submissive suitors bend.

The

* Mat. vii. 13, 14.

A MORAL TALE.

18

The titled peer, for splendor only fam'd,
In vain the ardor of his love proclaim'd :
The fop, of nought but empty sound possess'd,
Declar'd with fruitless prate his aching breast ;
Of beauteous Venus talk'd, of Cupid's darts,
Of sleepless, love-sick nights, and wounded hearts.
At length th' admiring throng Horatio join'd,
Of person pleasing, and of parts refin'd.
From early youth inur'd to war's campaigns,
He boldly ventur'd on the martial plains ;
Charg'd the dread foe, and wide the conquest spread,
As troops dismay'd his dauntless valor fled :
Humanely brave, whilst numbers round him fell,
His tender bosom would with pity swell ;

C

The

The

The trembling captive own'd his gen'rous care
To ease his burdens, and his sorrows share.
Such was the youth who durst his love declare,
And prov'd successful with the yielding fair.
Their kindred souls in sweetest concord rung,
On ev'ry theme harmonic numbers rung:
The moisten'd eye would grief congenial show,
As oft they listen'd to the tale of woe:
From either's hand the lib'ral bounty spread,
Chac'd deep distress, and famish'd orphans fed:
All virtue's paths with wary steps they trod,
Gave men the profit, and the praise to God.
Whene'er remembrance of Selina's love
The finer passions of my soul would move,

Horatio,

Horatio, kind, the heavy hours would cheer,

And stop by converse sweet the falling tear.

Ere long I hail'd him son :—Indulgent heav'n

Sure greater bliss had ne'er to parent giv'n

Than when I saw the brave Horatio's hand

With Anna's join'd in sacred wedlock's band.

As rapid Time his ceaseless journey went,

In sweets domestic were our moments spent ;

Care with his comrades from our dwelling fled,

And thence his train to scenes of discord led ;

Whilst peace, tranquillity, and love,

To raise our joys in kind contention strove.

Still heav'n fresh bounties gave ; th' exulting pair

Expected soon the parent's charge to share ;

With eager arms their love's sweet pledge embrace,
And each their likeness in the infant trace.

Thus were we blest, when noisy rumour, fraught
With packets huge, the tale of horror brought,
Of leagues and schemes in foreign counsels plann'd,
Of pow'rful fleets by sturdy sailors mann'd;
Of troops embark'd the glitt'ring sword to wield,
And try their valor in the glorious field:

Drums beat to arms; our youth, inflam'd with zeal,
Flock'd to the standard for their country's weal.

Soon on our coasts, by vet'ran heroes led,
In ranks arrang'd, a num'rous army spread,
With force oppos'd to meet the hardy foe,
And feats of prowess in the battle show.

There

There honor call'd my son : such sad adieu

Ne'er love before sustain'd, or sorrow-knew.

In hideous forms now sleepless fancy walk'd,

And ghastly phantoms o'er the moon-beams stalk'd;

Dear Anna's swollen eye and pallid cheek

The inward language of her soul would speak;

Her waking thoughts on bloody slaughter run,

Her starting dreams proclaim'd the fight begun.

Struck by the blow of some barbarian hand,

She paints Horatio breathless on the strand;

Believes his bleeding corpse amidst the host

With trampled bodies in confusion lost.

Her fears too just; for tho' Horatio long

Scar'd with victorious arm th' embattled throng,

Thro' thickest ranks by wise manœuvres broke,

Nor crav'd a respite from the frequent stroke,

Too far by valor urg'd, on ev'ry side

The pressing foe at last his might defy'd.

Retreat was vain; deform'd by many a wound,

His mangled body 'midst the slain was found.

Mysterious fate! scarce was his spirit gone

Than shouting hosts proclaim'd the battle won.

Each happy soldier too enrich'd with spoil,

The ample payment of his martial toil,

Now homeward plods with eager pace his way,

And thro' each village cries, "*We've gain'd the day.*"

Then might you see at ev'ry threshold wait

The maiden anxious for her lover's fate;

The

The mother her returning son behold,
And shrink with horror as his tale he told;
The tender wife, "in tears of transport drown'd,"
Her partner meet, and "weep o'er ev'ry wound."
And so my child; for when the orient ray
Illum'd th' horizon and proclaim'd the day,
On ev'ry path she stretch'd her longing eye,
If haply there she might Horatio spy.
If on the way some human form appear'd,
Bright hope awhile her throbbing bosom cheer'd,
Till nearer seen a stranger only came,
And double anguish shook her tender frame.
At length a rustic, in whose steely breast
The softer passions ne'er were known to rest,

40 HENRY AND ACASTO;

Her ear demanded, and at once declar'd
The dreadful fate her lov'd Horatio shar'd.
I saw him fall, he cried, and more had spoke
If more could Anna hear: the sudden stroke
Her tender frame o'erpow'r'd; her lips no more
Their former tint of bright-vermilion wore;
Clos'd were her eyes, her pulse with languor beat,
And clammy cold suppress'd the vital heat.
Prostrate she lay, and ev'ry effort vain,
Till nature, quicken'd with a sharper pain,
Grim death, that lately with uplifted hand
Prepar'd his blow, now check'd by heav'n's command,
A while retir'd, nor durst his victim claim
Till from her womb Horatio's image came.

(In

A MORAL TALE.

41

(In thee, my Henry, now that form I trace,

And in the child I view the father's face.)

But Anna, long by anxious cares oppress,

By grief exhausted, and bereav'd of rest,

Three nights in pangs of nature's sorrow lay,

Ere on her infant dawn'd the light of day:

Then frenzy seiz'd her brain—"There! there!" she cried,

"I see my love with stains of purple dy'd.

"Heav'ns, what a sight!—Let vengeance act her part,

"And arm these hands to tear the murd'rer's heart.—

"Hark! hark! his well-known voice my ear assails—

"He calls—but ah! some potent charm prevails—

"Horatio's fled—his wretched Anna left"—

She scream'd—and sunk again of sense bereft.

Life's

Life's quiv'ring light once more it's force resum'd,

And with a tranſient blaze her breaſt illum'd;

Reason her feat regain'd, while, thus expreſt,

She gave with fault'ring voice her laſt requeſt:

“ Thanks be to God, my ſorrow's nearly done,

“ *The faith is finiſh'd, and the battle won* *.

“ Soon ſhall I reach the heav'nly Canaan's ſhore,

“ My lov'd Horatio meet, and part no more.—

“ Father! protect my babe with guardian care,

“ His early ſteps direct, his heart prepare

“ To ſeek thy face, that, when life's thread ſhall ceaſe,

“ Good Simeon like, he may depart in peace †.

“ I aſk no more—My Savior, now,” ſhe cried,

“ Receive my ſoul!”—then ſweetly ſmil'd, and died.

Such

* 2 Tim. iv. 7.

† Luke, ii. 29.

Such was thy parent's fate ; 'twas God's decree

Maternal care should n'er be shewn to thee.

Horatio's part I bear, t' instruct be mine

With love of truth thy heart—to learn be thine.

Acasto ceas'd—susceptive Henry stood

In fix'd amazement, whilst a briny flood

His visage bath'd, and well his mind express'd,

Tho' passions strong the pow'rs of speech suppress'd.

But e'er Acasto clos'd the plaintive tale,

A solemn gloom bespread the fertile vale ;

Blithe day with all her busy train was fled,

And Phœbus hasten'd to his western bed.

Night o'er the land her sable curtain drew,

And dusky tints on all creation threw.

The

44 HENRY AND ACASTO, &c.

The meadows, late in brightest hue array'd,
Lose all their gladness in the gen'ral shade;
And, as with sympathetic feelings wrung,
A teary drop on ev'ry blossom hung.
The pallid list'ning moon, with quiv'ring light,
But half unveils her waning wat'ry sight;
Salutes with silver'd ray the mournful wood,
And meets her image on the trembling flood;
Hears the sad tale, and, struck with sorrow deep,
Behind some friendly cloud retires to weep:
Whilst the fair stars, attendant on their queen,
The concert join, and twinkle o'er the green.

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